

MISCELLANEOUS.

An Extract from the *Hour and the Man.*

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

(CONCLUDED.)

THE EXCLUSIVES.

While the other gentlemen sat down, a young man remained standing, his eyes flashing, and his countenance heated, either by wine or by the thoughts with which he seemed big.

"My fellow-citizens," said M. Brelle, beginning in a very loud voice, "agreeing, as I do, in my hopes for this colony with M. Odeluc, and like him, trusting in the protection and blessing of a just Providence, which will preserve our rights and chastise those who would infringe them; feeling thus, and thus trusting, there is a duty for me to perform. My friends we must not permit the righteous chastisements of Providence to pass by unheeded and be forgotten. The finger of Providence has been among us, to mark out and punish the guilty disturber of our peace. Do we not know that his groans have moved our enemies in the National Assembly? that his ashes have been stirred up there, to shed their poison over our names? It becomes us, in gratitude to a preserving Providence; in fidelity to that which is dearer to us than life—our fair fame; in regard to the welfare of our prosperity, it becomes us to mark our reprobation of treason and rebellion, and perpetuate in ignominy the name of the rebel and the traitor. Fill your glasses, then, gentlemen, and drink deep with me, Our curse on the memory of Vincent Oge!"

Several members of the company eagerly lifted their glasses; others looked doubtfully towards the chair. Before Dr. Proteu seemed to have made up his mind what to do, M. Papalier had risen, saying, in a rather low and conversational tone.

"My young friend will allow me to suggest to him the expediency of withdrawing his toast, as one in which his fellow-citizens cannot all cordially join. We all unite, doubtless, in reprobating treason and rebellion in the person of Oge; but I, for one, cannot think it good, either in taste or in policy, to curse the memory of the dead in the hearing of those who desire mercy for their fallen enemies (as some here present do), or of others who look upon Oge as no criminal, but a martyr; which, I fear, the case with too many outside." He pointed to the windows as he spoke, where it now appeared that the jalousies had been pushed a little open, so as to allow opportunity for some observation from without. M. Papalier lowered his tone, so as to be heard, during the rest of his speech, only by those who made every effort to catch his words. Not a syllable could be heard in the orchestra outside, or even by the waiters ranged against the wall; and the chairman and others at the extremities of the table were obliged to lean forward to catch the meaning of the speaker, who proceeded:

"No one more heartily admires the spirit and good-humor of our friend, M. Odeluc, than myself: no one more enjoys being animated by the hilarity of his temper, and carried away by the hopeful enthusiasm which makes him the dispenser of happiness that he is. But I cannot always sympathize in his bright anticipations. I own I cannot to-day. He may be right. God grant he be so! But I cannot take M. Odeluc's word for it, when words so different are spoken elsewhere. There are observers at a distance—impartial lookers-on, who predict (and I fear there are signs at home which indicate) that our position is far from secure, our prospects far other than serene. There are those who believe that we are in danger from other foes than the race of Oge; and facts have risen—but enough. 'This is not the time and place for discussion of that point. Suffice it now that, as we all know, observers at a distance can often see deeper and farther than those involved in affairs; and that Mirabeau has said—and what Mirabeau says is at least worth attention—Mirabeau has said of us, in connexion with the events of last October, 'They are sleeping on the margin of Vesuvius; and the first jets of the volcano are not sufficient to awaken them. In compliment to Mirabeau,' he concluded, smiling, and bowing to M. Brelle, "if not in sympathy with what he may think my needless caution, I hope my young friend will reserve his wine for the next toast."

M. Brelle bowed rather sulkily. No one seemed ready at the moment to start a new subject. Some attacked M. Papalier in whispers, facts of the murder of a bailiff on an estate near his own, and of suspicious circumstances attending it, which made him and others apprehend that all was not right among the negroes. His facts and surmises went round. As, in the eagerness of conversation, a few words were occasionally spoken aloud, some of the party glanced about to see if the waiters were within earshot. They were not. There was not a negro in the apartment. The band had gone out unnoticed—to refresh themselves, no doubt.

Odeluc took the brief opportunity to state his confidence that all doubts of the fidelity of the negroes were groundless. He agreed with M. Papalier that the present was not the time and place for entering at large into the subject. He would only just say that he was now an old man; that he had spent his life among the people alluded to; and knew them well, if any man did. They were revengeful, certainly, upon occasion, if harshly treated; but otherwise, and if not corrupted by ignorant demagogues and designing people, they were the most tractable and attached people on earth. He was confident that the masters in St. Domingo had nothing to fear.

He was proceeding; but he perceived that the band was re-entering the orchestra, and he sat down abruptly.

The chairman now discovered that it had grown very dark, and called out for lights. His orders were echoed by several of the party, who hoped that the lights would revive some of the spirit of the evening, which had become very flat.

While waiting for lights, the jalousies were once more opened by orders from the chair. The apartment was instantly pervaded by a dull, glaucous red light, derived from the sky, which glowed above the trees of the Jesuit's Walk with the reflection of extensive fires. The guests were rather startled, too, by perceiving that the piazza was crowded with heads; and that dusky faces, in countless number, were looking in upon them, and had probably been watching them for some time past. With the occasional puffs of wind, which brought the smell of burning, came a confused murmur, from a distance, as of voices, the tramp of many horses in the sand, and a multitude of feet in the streets. This was immediately followed by the sound of a cannon, and a multitude of feet in the streets. This was immediately followed by the sound of a cannon, and a multitude of feet in the streets.

The consternation of the deputies and their guests was extreme. Every man showed his terror in his own way; but one act was universal. Each one produced arms of one sort or another. Even Odeluc, it appeared, had not come unarmed. While they were yet standing in groups about the table, the door burst open, and a negro, covered with dust and panting with haste, ran in and made for the head of the table, thrusting himself freely through the parties of gentlemen. The chairman, at sight of the man, turned pale, recoiled for a moment, and then, swearing a deep oath, drew the short sword he wore, and ran the negro through the body.

"Oh master!" cried the poor creature, as his life ebbed out in the blood which inundated the floor.

The act was not seen by those outside, as there was a screen of persons standing between the tables and the windows. To this accident it was probably owing that the party survived that hour, and that any order was preserved in the town.

"Shame, Proteau! shame!" said Odeluc, as he bent down, and saw that the negro was dying. Papalier, Bayou, and a few more cried "Shame," also, while others applauded.

"I will defend my deed," said Proteau, struggling with the hoarseness of his voice, and pouring out a glass of wine to clear his throat. His hand was none of the steadiest as he did so. "Hush that band! There is no hearing one's self speak. Hush! I say—stop!" and, swearing, he passionately shook his fist at the musicians, who were still making the air of the Marseillaise peal through the room. They instantly stopped and departed.

"There! you have sent them out to tell what you have done," observed a deputy.

"I will defend my deed," Proteau repeated, when he had swallowed the wine. "I am confident the negroes have risen. I am confident the fellow came with bad intent."

"No fear but the negroes will rise any day in the world, where they have such as you for masters," said Odeluc.

"What do you mean, sir?" cried Proteau, laying his hand on the hilt of his dripping sword.

"I mean what I say. And I will tell you, too, what I do not mean. I do not mean to fight to-night with any white, and, least of all, with one who is standing in a pool of innocent blood, of his own shedding." And he pointed to Proteau's feet, which were, indeed, soaked with the blood of his slave.

"Hush! hush! gentlemen!" cried several voices. "Here is more news!"

"Hide the body!" said Bayou; and, as he spoke, he stooped to lift it. M. Brelle made shorter work. He rolled it over with his foot, and kicked it under the table. It was out of sight before the master of the hotel entered, followed by several negroes from the plain, to say that the "force" had risen on several plantations, had dismantled the mills, burned the sugar-houses, set fire to the crops, murdered the overseers, and, he feared, in some cases, the proprietors.

"Where?" "Whose estates?" "What proprietors?" asked every voice present.

"Where did it begin?" was the question the landlord applied himself first to answer.

"It broke out on the Noë estate, sir. They murdered the refiner and his apprentice, and carried off the surgeon. They left another young man for dead, but he got away, and told the people on the next plantation; but it was too late then. They had reached M. Clement's by that time, and he raised his people. They say M. Clement is killed; but some of his family escaped. They are here in the town, I believe."

Some of the deputies now snatched their hats, and went out to learn where the fugitives were, and thus to get information if possible, at first hand.

"All is safe in our quarter at present, I trust," said Papalier to Bayou: "but shall we be gone? Your horse is here, I suppose. We can ride together."

"In a moment. Let us hear all we can first," replied Bayou.

"Do you stay for that purpose, then, and look to our horses. I will learn what the governor's orders are, and come here for you presently," and Papalier was gone.

When Bayou turned to listen again, Odeluc was saying:

"Impossible! incredible! Gallifet's force risen! Not they! They would be firm if the world were crushed flat. Why, they love me as if I were their father!"

"Nevertheless, sir, you owe your safety to being my guest, said the landlord, with a bow as polite as the most festive occasion. "I am happy that my roof should—"

"Who brought this report?" cried Odeluc.

"Who can give news of Gallifet's negroes?" And he looked among the black faces which were clustered behind the landlord. No one spoke thence; but a voice from the piazza said:

"Gallifet's force has risen. The canes are all on fire."

"I will bring them to their senses," said Odeluc, with sudden quietness. "I have power over them. The governor will give me a handful of men from the town-guard, and we shall set things straight before morning. The poor fellows have been carried away while I was not there to stand by them—but making speeches here, like a holiday fool. I will bring them to their senses presently. Make way, friends, make way."

And Odeluc stepped out among the blacks on the piazza, that being the shortest way to the Government-house.

"I hope he is not too confident," whispered a town deputy to a friend from the south; "but this is bad news. Gallifet's plantation is the largest in the plain, and only eight miles off."

A sort of scream, a cry of horror, from one who stood close by, stopped the deputy.

"Boirein! what is the matter?" cried the deputy, as Boirein hid his face with his arms upon the table, and a strong shudder shook his whole frame.

"Do not speak to him! I will tell you," said another. "Oh, this is horrible! They have murdered his brother-in-law on Flaville's estate, and carried off his sister and her three daughters into the woods. Something must be done directly. Boirein, my poor fellow, I am going to the governor. Soldiers shall be sent to bring your sister into the town. We shall have her here before morning; and you must bring her and her family to my house."

No one could endure to stay to hear more. Some went to learn elsewhere the fate of those in whom they were interested. Some went to offer their services to the governor; some to barricade their own houses in the town; some to see whether it was yet possible to intrench their plantations. Some declared their intention of conveying the ladies of their families to the convent; the place always hitherto esteemed safe amid all commotions. It soon appeared, however, that this was not the opinion of the sisters themselves on the present occasion, nor of the authorities of the town; for the muffled nuns were seen hurrying down to the quay, under the protection of soldiers, in order to take refuge on board the vessels in the bay. All night long boats were plying in the harbour, conveying women, children, plate and money on board the ships which happened to be in the roads.

The landlord would have been glad of the help of any of his guests in clearing his house; but they had no sympathy to spare; no time to think of his plate and wines. As the whites disappeared from the room, the blacks poured in. They allowed the landlord to sweep away his plate, but they laid hands on the wines; and many a smart speech, many a 'right laugh, resounded within those walls till morning, when consternation reigned without. When these thoughtless creatures sauntered to their several homes in the sunrise, they found that such of their fellow-servants as they had been accustomed to look up to, as able and more trusted than themselves, had disappeared, and no one would tell whether they were gone—only that they were quite safe.

When M. Papalier returned to the hotel from his cruise for information, he found his neighbor Bayou impatiently waiting on horseback, while Henri, still in his white apron, was holding the other horse.

"Here, sir; mount and let's us be off," cried Bayou. "We owe it to my friend Henri, here,

that we have our horses. The gentlemen from the country very naturally took the first that came to hand to get home upon. They say Leroy is gone home on a dray-mule. I rather expect to meet Toussaint on the road. If he sees the fires, he will be coming to look after me."

"He cannot well help seeing the fires," replied Papalier. "They are climbing up the mountain-side, all the way along the Haut du Cap. We shall be singed like two pokers if we do not ride like two devils; and then we shall be lucky if we do not meet two thousand devils by the way."

"Do you suppose the road is safe, Henri?" asked Bayou. "I know you will tell me the truth."

"Indeed, master, I know nothing," replied Henri. "You say you shall meet Toussaint. I will ride with you till you meet him, if you will. Our people all know him and me."

"Do so, Henri. Do not wait to look for another horse. Jump up behind me. Mine is a strong beast, and will make no difficulty even of your weight. Never mind your apron. Keep it for a flag of truce in case we meet the enemy."

They were off, and presently emerged from the comparative darkness of the streets into the light of the fires. None of the three spoke, except to urge on the horses up the steep, sandy road, which first presented an ascent from the town, and then a descent to the plain, before it assumed the level which it then preserved to the foot of the opposite mountains, nearly fifty miles off. No one appeared on the road; and the horsemen had, therefore, leisure to cast glances behind them, as they were slowly carried up the ascent. The alarm-bell was now sending its sullen sounds of dismay far and wide, in the air, whose stillness was becoming more and more disturbed by the draughts of the spreading fires, as the canes caught, like torches, up the slopes to the right. Pale, twinkling lights, sprinkled over the cape and the harbor—lights which looked like glow-worm tapers amid the atmosphere—showed that every one was awake and sitting in the town and on board the ships; while an occasional rocket, mounting in the smoky air from either the Barracks or Government-house, showed that it was the intention of the authorities to intimidate the inhabitants of the remotest districts of the plain that the government was on the alert, and providing for the public safety.

On surmounting the ridge, Henri stretched out his hand, and pulled the bridle of M. Bayou's horse to the left, so as to turn it into a narrow track which here parted from the road.

"What now, sir," cried Papalier, in a tone of suspicion, checking his horse instead of following.

"You may, perhaps, meet two thousand devils if you keep the high road to the plain," answered Henri, quietly. To M. Bayou he explained that Toussaint would probably choose this road, through Madame Oge's plantation.

"Come on Papalier; do not lose time. All is right enough," said Bayou. "The grass-tracks are the safest to night, depend upon it."

Papalier followed in discontented silence. In a few moments Henri again pulled the bridle—a decided check this time—stopping the horse.

"Voices," he whispered. Bayou could hear none. In a moment Henri continued:

"It is Toussaint. I thought we should meet him hereabout."

The next turn of the path brought them upon Toussaint, who was advancing with the led horse from Breda. Not far behind him was Madame Oge's house, the door standing wide, and seen by the light within, a woman in the doorway. Toussaint pulled up. Henri leaped down, and ran to shake hands with his friend. Papalier took the opportunity to say in a low voice, to Bayou,

"You must send your fellow there on board ship. You must, there is no doubt of it. The governor, and all the householders in Cap, are doing so with their cleverest negroes; and, if there is a clever one in the colony, it is Toussaint."

"I shall do no such thing," said Bayou. "I have trusted Toussaint for these thirty years, and I shall not distrust him now—when we most need those we can best confide in."

"That is exactly what M. Clement said of his position; and it was his position that struck him to the heart. You must send Toussaint on board ship; and I will tell you how—"

Papalier stopped, perceiving that the two negroes were not talking, but had their eyes fixed on him.

"What is that?" said Henri. "Is Toussaint to go on board ship?"

"No, no, nonsense," said Bayou; "I am not going to send anybody on board ship. All quiet at Breda, I suppose, Toussaint?"

"All quiet, sir, at present. M. Papalier, on board ship I will not go."

"As your master pleases. It is no concern of mine, Toussaint," said Papalier.

"So I think," replied Toussaint.

"You see your faithful hands, your very obedient friends, have got a will of their own already," whispered Papalier to Bayou, as they set their horses forward again; Henri turning homeward on the tired horse which had carried double, and Bayou mounting that which Toussaint had brought.

"Will you go round, or pass the house?" Toussaint asked of his master. "Madame Oge is standing in the doorway."

Bayou was about to turn his horse's head, but the person in the doorway came out into the darkness and called him by his name. He was obliged to go forward.

"Madame," said he, "I hope you have no trouble with your people. I hope your people are all steady."

"Never mind me and my people," replied a tremulous voice. "What I want to know is what has happened at Cap. Who have risen? Whose are these fires?"

"The negroes have risen on a few plantations, that is all. We shall soon—"

"The negroes!" echoed the voice. "You are sure it is only the negroes?"

"Only the negroes, madame. Can I be of service to you? If you have any reason to fear that your force—"

"I have no reason to fear anything. I will not detain you. No doubt you are wanted at home, M. Bayou."

And she re-entered her house and closed the doors.

"How you have disappointed her!" said Papalier. "She hoped to hear that her race had risen, and were avenging her sons on us. I am thankful to-night," he continued, after a pause, "that my little girls are at Paris. How glad might that poor woman have been if her sons had stayed there! Strange enough! Paris is called the very centre of disorder, and yet it seems the only place for our sons and daughters in these days."

"And strangely enough," said Bayou, "I am glad that I have neither wife, son, nor daughter. I felt that, even while Odeluc was holding forth about the age of security which we were now entering upon—I felt at the moment that there must be something wrong; that all could not be right when a man feels glad that he has only himself to take care of. Our negroes are better off than we, so far. Hey, Toussaint!"

"I think so, sir."

"How many wives and children have you, Toussaint?" asked Papalier.

"I have five children, sir."

"And how many wives in your time?" Toussaint made no answer. Bayou said for him,

"He has such a good wife that he never

wanted more. He married her when he was five-and-twenty; did not you, Toussaint?"

Toussaint had dropped into the rear. His master observed that Toussaint was rather romantic, and did not like jesting on domestic affairs. He was more prudish about such matters than whites fresh from the mother country. Whether he had got it out of his books, or whether it really was a romantic attachment to his wife, there was no knowing; but he was quite unlike his race generally in family matters.

"Does he take upon himself to be scandalized at us?" asked Papalier.

"I do not ask him. But if you like to consult him about your Thérèse, I do not doubt he will tell you his mind."

"Come, cannot we get on faster? This is a horrid road, to be sure; but poor Thérèse will think it is all over with me if she looks at the red sky towards Cap."

There were reasons enough for alarm about M. Papalier's safety, without looking over towards Cap. When the gentlemen arrived at Arabie, his plantation, they found the iron gates down and lying on the grass; young trees hewn down, as if for bludgeons; the cattle couched in the cane-fields, lapped in the luxury of the sweet tops and sprouts; the doors of the sugar-house and mansion removed, the windows standing wide, and no one to answer a call. The slave quarter was also evidently deserted.

Papalier clapped spurs to his horse, and rode round faster than his companions could follow him. At length Bayou intercepted his path at a sharp turn, caught his bridle, and said,

"My dear fellow, come with me. There is nothing to be done here. Your people are all gone; and if they come back, they will only cut your throat. You must come with me; and, under the circumstances, I cannot stay longer. I ought to be at home."

"True, true. Go, and I will follow. I must find out whether they have carried off Thérèse. I must and I will."

Toussaint picked his horse into the courtyard, and, after a searching look around, dragged out from behind the well a young negro who had been crouching there, with an infant in her arms. She shrieked and struggled till she saw Papalier, when she rushed towards him.

"Poor Thérèse!" cried he, patting her shoulder. "How we have frightened you! There is nobody here but friends. At least, so it seems. Where are the people? And who did this mischief?"

The young creature trembled excessively; and her terror marred for the time a beauty which was celebrated all over the district—a beauty which was admired as fully by the whites as by people of her own race. Her features were now convulsed by fear, as she told what had happened: that a body of negroes had come, three hours since, and had summoned Papalier's people to meet at Latour's estate, where all the force of the plain was to unite before morning; that Papalier's people made no difficulty about going, only stopping to search the house for what arms and ammunition might be there, and to do the mischief which now appeared; that she believed the whites at the sugar-house must have escaped, as she had seen and heard nothing of bloodshed; and that this was all she knew, as she had hidden herself and her infant, first in one place, and then in another, as she fancied safest, hoping that nobody would remember her, which seemed to have been the case, as no one molested her till Toussaint saw her, and terrified her as they perceived. She had not looked in his face, but supposed that some of Latour's people had come back for her.

"Now you will come with me," said Bayou to Papalier, impatiently.

"I will, thank you, Toussaint, help her up behind me, and carry the child, will you? Hold Thérèse, and leave off trembling, as soon as you can."

Thérèse would let no one carry the infant but herself. She kept her seat well behind her master, though still trembling when she alighted at the stables at Breda.

Placide and Denis were on the watch at the stables.

"Run, Denis!" said his brother. And Denis was off to tell his mother that Toussaint and M. Bayou were safe home.

"Anything happened, Placide?" asked Bayou.

"Yes, sir. The people were sent for to Latour's, and most of them are gone. Not all, sir. Saxe would not go till he saw father; nor Casius, nor Antoine, nor—"

"Is there any mischief done? Anybody hurt?"

"No, sir. They went off very quietly."

"Quietly indeed! They take quietly enough all the kindness I have shown them these thirty years. They quietly take the opportunity of leaving me alone to-night, of all nights, when the devils from hell are abroad, scattering their fire as they go."

"If you will enter, M. Bayou," said Toussaint, "my wife will get you supper; and the boys and I will collect the people that are left, and bring them up to the house. They have not touched your arms, sir. If you will have them ready for us—"

"Good, good! Papalier, we cannot do better. Come in, Toussaint, take home this young woman. Your girls will take care of her. Eh! what's the matter? Well, put her where you will, only let her be taken care of, that is all."

"I will speak to Jeanette, sir."

"Ay, do. Jeanette will let Thérèse come to no harm, Papalier. Come in, till Toussaint brings a report of how matters stand with his poor masters."

DRINKING-RUM LIKE THE RULE OF THREE.—A laboring-man, who was in the habit of indulging occasionally too freely in the use of strong drink, applied not long since to one of our townsmen for employment. The latter agreed to employ him for several months, on condition that he would abstain from drinking ardent spirits entirely, during the time, but should he yield to temptation, he was to forfeit his wages. The laborer professed his willingness to accept the proposal on the condition stated, when his employer expressed some fears that he would in an evil hour forget his resolution. The laborer replied that he was confident that he could keep to his engagement,—for said he, "drinking rum is like the rule of three, MORE REQUIRES MORE AND LESS REQUIRES LESS."—*Watchtower.*

TRUE PIETY.—There is a devotion that resembles the blaze of straw; but that which is spiritual, is like the fire on the Jewish altar—kindled from above, and which never went out. It is a stream fed by a living fountain—not a sudden torrent, however wide and impetuous at any one time, produced by the melting of the snow or a sudden thunder storm. It is the water 'springing up into everlasting life.'

RELIANCE ON NAMES.—It is unsafe, to rely upon the influence of names, and to receive this or that, for sound doctrine, because such and such great and good men believe it. 'The greatest talents are not always on the side of truth.'

Puritan.

OFFICE-SEEKING.—The poorest business we can think of, is that of office-seeking. Generally, if a man have any honest means of making a living a decent trade or profession, let him by all means keep to it, preferring the certain results of his own industry, to the capricious favors or patronage and office. If office seek him, and compel him into it, let him suffer it as a necessity, rather than embrace it as a blessing.—*Amer. Sent.*

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

For sale by Isaac T. Hopper, 143 Nassau Street.

THE FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER, &c., contains interesting original and selected matter, worth the attention of the members of the Society of Friends, as well as the public generally.

Bound up in the volume will be found, "Brief Remarks on some of the charges recently made against the early writers of the Society of Friends, by George Harrison, New England, England." The following short extract will show in some measure, the character of the work, viz:—

"The working of this abolition spirit, which has got abroad, this old accuser of the brethren, has been very unusual; it has been at work for many years, but durst not avow its real object and character. It pretended it was attacking Quakerism, but it was easy to see, long ago, that genuine and sincere abolitionism, it is now throwing off the mask, and showing itself in its true colors."

"The Distracting Jests, &c., an absolute and irresistible proof of the Divine origin of Christianity; including a Narrative of the calamities which befall the Jews, so far as they tend to verify our Lord's predictions relative to that event; with a description of the City and Temple." This treatise is deeply interesting to Christians of all denominations.

"The history of the life of Thomas Ellwood, or an account of his birth, education, &c., with a full and accurate view of his life and manners when a youth, and how he came to be convinced of the truth; with his many sufferings and services for the same. Also, several other remarkable passages and occurrences. Written by his own hand. To which is added, a supplement," by J. W.

It can hardly be necessary to inform any member of the Society of Friends of the merits of this work. It has gone through four editions, and is among the most interesting of Friends' journals.

This latter work can be had separately—price 50 cents.

Right and Wrong in the Anti-Slavery Society.

Only, the nations shall be great by the sword!
—by the soul!
Worcester.

THE Seventh Annual Report of the Boston Female Anti-Slavery Society, presented October 14, 1840. For sale at the anti-slavery office, 143 Nassau st. Price, 12½ cents single.

This work ought to be in the hands of every abolitionist.

The following selection from it is the purest gold, and beautifully wrought out:—

"The anti-slavery societies have not yet done their work. When, in the heat of political excitement, amid which the favors of the cause, a few years hence, will be given, in the conflict of a northern and southern party, yet to spring out of this question, compensation—partial emancipation—intermediate arrangements—delay, become the rallying words of the opposition—these are the marks of the anti-slavery societies exist, to urge upon the slaveholder, the partially regenerated people, who, though favored of the cause of freedom, will not deserve to be called its friends; for they will need constant and persevering rebuke, entreaty, warning, to prevent their making shipwreck of the cause, by being carried away by the passions of the moment, and by the work being wrought out. Not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts!"

Nov. 19, 1840.